

## DEATH VALLEY CACTI

THE PLANTS THAT BLOOM IN THE SUN SCORCHED DESERT.

Hundreds of Acres of a Scene of Almost Indescribable Beauty in the Midst of Mile on Mile of Barren and Deadly Sand Flats.

Not half the plants of Death valley are known to scientists; most of those that are known are little more than names and will never be more until the prying arm of the railroad shall have laid bare some of the secrets of this vale of Hinom.

Most beautiful and most plenty on the desert are the cacti, and the rapidity with which they dry and apparently withered stalks put out blossoms under the touch of the rains is wonderful.

The largest and showiest blossom of them all grows on a short, stock stem which during the summer does not seem to have life enough to produce the magnificent waxy flowers, which are often as much as five inches across.

A cactus much larger than this—the barrel cactus—has a very small and insignificant bloom, while the tiniest of all, a low, creeping, round stemmed, jointed growth, has an immense pink flower, beautiful as any orchid and rivaling the fairest rose of Persia in its odor.

Unfortunately the names of these rare species are not well known, and the commoner varieties, which are also found on the coast slope, bear no such gorgeous array of blossoms. Old friends greet the traveler on the rim of Death valley too. There is the cholla (pronounced choyah), which, while large and many branched, produces few or no flowers, reproducing itself by "shipping," as our grandmothers were wont to say of their choice geraniums. Whenever an unusually long branch falls to the ground it seems almost to work its way into the earth, so soon do the shifting sands cover it. Then a process of rooting takes place, so that soon an entirely separate plant comes up a few feet from the parent. So it is that great beds of cacti are formed throughout the desert.

One noticeable thing about all the plants in and around Death valley is that they grow low to the ground, for no living thing can stand against the storms that sweep this level floor for 200 miles on over into the Nevada desert. These low growers protect themselves from the drifting sand in a wonderfully ingenious manner. When the plant first breaks from the ground it comes up not in one stem, as do the taller cacti, but in many tiny, branching stalks, so that what solid earth and rocks there are among the sand dunes fall between these stalks and form a sort of openwork barricade. Against this the sand drifts, but does not choke out the life of the plant. The winds of the desert always blow from the same direction, so that the barricade is always available, whether it be a rain, wind or sand storm, that is blowing.

Another beautiful bloomer of this far desert raises a foot long shaft, four pointed and like no other flower stalk in the world. On it are clustered great waxy blossoms two or three inches across, perfumed with all the sweet scents of Cyprus and the Ind and ranging from palest golden white to deepest purple.

From right to left of the narrow valley, more than 400 feet below the level of the sea, 250 miles away, these beds of cacti stretch. In winter and spring, when they are all bloom with dams, they seem like some great cloth of gold to the traveler pausing on the rim of the Funeral range or dipping down with his burros through Windy gap. These beds are sometimes large, covering acres in dense patches. In other places they are small and stunted, so that the traveler meets with scattered clumps of the thorny shrubs miles before he comes upon traces of the dead alkaline lakes that mark the edge of the valley.

Other plants than cacti are scarce in Death valley, but two species of mesquite grow from one end of the valley to the other, both blooming profusely and adding their quota of odor to the air. When they seed, the beans are gathered by the Plutes and ground up for flour.

All in all, there are doubtless hundreds of acres of cacti in this one part of the California desert, and its beauty when in bloom is something indescribable, especially when seen in the midst of mile on mile of barren sand flats.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**The Speaking Voice.**  
Nothing as quickly and unmistakably distinguishes a well bred man or woman from those of plebeian birth or education as the speaking voice and the carriage, two most essential points to cultivate and the two which are almost universally neglected by parents and masters in this country. It is not so in England and France, where even in humble life the voices are not only naturally more musical than those found in America, but they are so in consequence of past training and cultivation. One uses the speaking voice almost continuously, so why should it not be trained to be as musical as possible, since a sweet, low voice is considered power? So much time and attention are given to the singing voice, which is used only upon occasions, which of course is to be encouraged and commended, but if one cannot cultivate both let the preference always be given to the speaking voice, that one's enunciation, articulation and respiration, as well as the proper pitch of the voice, may be regulated and governed according to the most approved methods. Then one's convictions will be found to carry great weight.

## A BLOOD RED LAKE.

fecundity Manifested by a Sheet of Water in Switzerland.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every ten years. It is a pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a disposition to celebrate the slaughter of the Burgundians under Charles the Bold on June 21, 1476, but the French say that it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter.

This phenomenon, of course, has its legend. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish called silures that weigh between twenty-five and forty kilograms, say when they see the waters of the lake reddening that it is the blood of the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection angered the Burgundian soldiers of the victorious armies of the republic in 1798 so much that they destroyed the monument raised in honor of their compatriots who fell heroically in that battle, and Henri Martin very justly reproached them for that piece of vandalism.

It would hardly do to attribute the reddening of the waters of the lake to the blood of the soldiers of Charles the Bold. The coloring is due simply to the presence in large quantities of little aquatic plants called by naturalists *Oscillatoria rubescens*. The curious thing about it is that Lake Morat is the only lake in which this curious growth is developed.

## THE TURKISH KAIK.

It More Closely Resembles the Gossamer Than Any Other Craft.

Crawford, the author, to whose skillful pen Constantinople is indebted for one of the most charming volumes ever issued in its praise, has a word to say about the Turkish boatmen and their vehicle, the kaik.

"Constantinople owes much," writes he, "to the matchless beauty of the three waters which run together beneath its walls, and much of their reputation again has become world-wide by the kaik. It is disputed and disputable whether the Turks copied the Venetian gondola or whether the Venetians imitated the Turkish kaik, but the resemblance between them is so strong as to make it certain that they have a common origin. Take from the gondola the 'felse' or hood, and the rostrated stem and the remainder is practically the kaik. It is of all craft of its size the swiftest, the most easy to handle and the most comfortable, and the Turks generally are admitted to be the best oarsmen in Europe.

"Indeed, they have need to be, for both the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn are crowded with craft of every kind and made dangerous by the swiftest of currents. The distances, too, are very great and such as no ordinary oarsman would undertake for pleasure or for the sake of exercise. It is no joke to pull fifteen or sixteen miles against a stream which in some places runs four or five knots an hour."

**Gardening in America.**  
Gardening in America has reached what one might call the "awkward age." Neither a man nor a country boy—a gardener in early youth. "Men come to build stately homes, then to garden finely," as Bacon once said, and as every garden writing body has repeated, until Sir Francis in Elphinstone must regret he ever made the remark, which bodes the less for the future. Gardening is essentially a middle aged enjoyment, and American being, as nations go, still young, her garden craft has the faults of youth. It has its incongruities, its harmonies, and it often mistakes size and expenditure for excellence.—Century.

**In the Same Boat.**  
The Duke of Leeds before succeeding to his title was active in politics. Once when canvassing he came upon an English shoemaker, whose vote he solicited. "Sorry," said the shoemaker, "but I'm not going to vote for any bloomin' aristocrat. I can't afford it. I've got four children to bring up." "That's nothing," replied the duke, "I've got five, and they are all girls." The shoemaker came up and touched him on the arm. "All right, old chap," he said. "You shall have my vote. It seems to me we are both in the same boat, and we'd better stick together."

**Doctors and Medicine.**  
When a doctor does not have much faith in medicine it is a sign that he is a good doctor. The best doctors are those who give good advice rather than medicine; advice that is simple and has common sense back of it. Too many people imagine they can abuse themselves and hire a doctor to make them as well as ever for \$2. Nothing in it.—Archives Globe.

**Misunderstood.**  
Farmer—Where have you been all this time? And where's the old chestnut mare? Didn't you have her shod, as I told you? Jarge—Shod? Law, no, mister! I bin a-buryin' her. Didn't I think she said "shot"?—London Globe.

**A Good Character.**  
A good character is the best tombstone. Those who loved you and were helped by you will remember you when forgetfulness are withered. Carve your name on hearts and not on marble.

By imagination a man in a dunce is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.—Addison.

## MADE FROM NATIVE ROOTS.

SAFE AND RELIABLE.

That the roots of many native plants, growing wild in our American forests, possess remarkable properties for the cure of human maladies is well proven. Even the untutored Indian has learned the curative value of some of these and taught the early settlers their uses. The Indian never liked work so he wanted his squaw to get well as soon as possible that she might do the work and let him hunt. Therefore, he dug "pawpaw root" for her, for that was their great remedy for female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce uses the same root—called Blue Cohosh—in his Favorite Prescription, skillfully combined with other agents that make it more effective than any other medicine in curing all the various weaknesses and painful derangements peculiar to women. Many afflicted women have been saved from the operating table and the surgeon's knife by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Tender-pens over the lower pelvic region, with backache, spells of dizziness, faintness, bearing down pains or distress should not go unheeded. A course of "Favorite Prescription" will work marvelous benefit in all such cases, and generally effect a permanent cure if persisted in for a reasonable length of time. (The Favorite Prescription) is a harmless agent, being wholly prepared from native medicinal roots, without a drop of alcohol in its make up, where all other medicines, put up for sale through druggists for woman's peculiar ailments, contain large quantities of spirituous liquors, which are very harmful, especially to delicate women. "Favorite Prescription" contains neither alcohol nor harmful habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on each bottle wrapper. It is a powerful invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. For weak and sickly women, who are "worn-out," or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office, or school-room, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or have heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will prove a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving power.

For constipation, the true, scientific cure, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mild, harmless, yet sure.

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April 6, 1906.

## ESTATE OF MARTIN MCNAMARA,

deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the creditors under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM F. CONWAY, Executor.

EDWARD KESSEY, Executor.

## GODFREY'S TANKARD.

A Seventeenth Century Relic of the Plague in London.

A curious historical relic of London is the large tankard of solid silver presented by Charles II. to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey for his valuable services during the plague and the fire of London, for which he received the honor of knighthood in 1669. The tankard, which is of plain silver, has a hinged cover and weighs nearly thirty-six ounces. Its front is engraved with the royal arms and the crest of the recipient together with inscriptions in Latin and engravings of scenes connected with the pesthouse men carrying corpses to the dismal plague pit and that of the crowded blocks of houses surrounded by flames are very quaint and curious. Sir Edmund, who was born in 1621 at Sellingle, in Kent, was a timber merchant, possessing wharfs at Dowgate city and at Charing Cross. He prospered, became justice of the peace for Westminster and member of parliament for Winchelsea. In history, as no reader of Macaulay, and Green will need to be told, his name is most famous in connection with his mysterious murder, which was popularly attributed to the zeal with which he had devoted himself to unraveling the alleged popish plot. His body was found in a ditch near Primrose hill, face downward and penetrated by his own sword, under circumstances which precluded the idea of suicide or robbery.

The excitement caused by this still mysterious event is indicated by the fact that when the funeral procession left the city, with great pomp and pageant, for the burial ground of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, it was preceded by 70 clergy and followed by upward of 1,000 persons of distinction.

## THE JAW AND THE TEETH.

What May Happen if We Continue Using Soft Foods.

The teeth are really appendages of the skin, and not of the skeleton, as people generally believe. The jaw is formed in accordance with the necessity for providing a hold for the teeth—that is, if there were no teeth to come, the jaw would grow differently, and would not have its present shape. The jaw is not an independent part, as it would like to be; it has to form itself to accommodate tenants with which, strictly speaking, it has no ties of kindred.

The use of soft foods decreases the size of the teeth, and they will ultimately disappear, unless we make more use of them.

As there does not seem to be any likelihood of a change in our habits, we must expect to lose them in course of time. Then the jaw will assume probably another shape. Further, the gums might disappear, for there can be no use for them after the disappearance of the teeth.

The loss of the teeth makes the lips fall in, and brings us near to the Punch form of face! We find it impossible to pronounce sounds, such as t, d, sh, ch. The change of face, so to say, will certainly lead to a modification of the tongue, and this in turn to the inability to pronounce other sounds.

## Atonic Dyspepsia.

The ultimate cause of atonic dyspepsia is constitutional depression. It may be due to overwork, and especially to prolonged worry. Sometimes the dyspepsia is the first manifestation of tubercular poisoning. Again, there seems to be an inherent failure of the digestive organs. Once established, dyspepsia is, in turn, the cause of loss of strength, of mental inertia and visceral weakness. Some degree of simple anaemia is almost inevitable. The exciting cause may be an illness of any kind, the excessive use of tea, coffee or other beverages, the lack of proper food, some error in habits of eating. Often it is not discoverable.

## Consolatory.

A correspondent of an English paper tells how some one visited a wild beast and saw a countryman come in bearing unmistakable signs of having had a glass too much. A tiger scratched the back of the hand with which the man grasped a bar of the cage. The laceration was severe, and the pain was great. The sufferer dashed about and twirled his shillash, crying: "Let him out! Let him out! I'll have me will av him!" A companion tried to soothe the irate dancer, with this neat impromptu: "Never mind, Pat. Sure, he only wanted to scrape acquaintance wid ye."

## He Knew.

The first witness called in a petty lawsuit in Cincinnati was an Irishman of whose competence as a witness opposing counsel entertained doubt. At their instance there was put to him before being sworn the usual interrogatory, "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

A broad grin spread over the face of the Irishman as he replied: "Indade, your honor, I may say that it is second nature with me."—Harper's Weekly.

## Variety.

She—Don't you get tired of this modern life, with its heartburnings, its longings, its cruel disappointments, its unutterable inadequacy? He—Oh, yes, but always just about that time some new girl comes along.—Life.

## Her Status.

The Captain—That's a handsome woman! Is she unmarried? The Belle—Oh, yes! (Captain indulges in pleasing reflections.) She's been unmarried several times.—London Mail.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceases to enlarge itself till by broad spreading it disperses to naught.—Shakespeare.

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## A. McKinney

May 1, 1906.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM A. RUSSELL, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the creditors under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

GEORGIE ANNA FRANCHI, Executor.

WM. H. FRANCHI, Executor.

May 12, 1906.

## ESTATE OF MARY C. J. DELANEY,

deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the creditors under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM F. CONWAY, Executor.

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